The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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WORSHIPPING IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH

"God is a Spirit."—JOHN 4: 24.

"How fond of dialogue is the beloved disciple! This does not surprise us, because he loved Jesus, the master talker, and knew that the secret of words was not lightly to be won but was revealed to souls released by freedom of thought and act. Perhaps that was why he became the beloved disciple. The Fourth Gospel is reminiscent of continuous dialogue. It begins on a note of dialogue.

"When we read at the beginning of Genesis, 'AND GOD SAID, LET US MAKE MAN IN OUR OWN IMAGE,' it seems as if over against God was set a Master Craftsman without whom God would do nothing. John would have us believe that this Master Craftsman is the Logos, Jesus, revealed as Christ. John's story of the ministry of Jesus begins with a dialogue between Andrew and John. There follow dialogues of our Lord with Philip, with Nathanael, with Simon. One by one Jesus takes His disciples apart and talks with them, and they talk with Him. Today we will think of the dialogue of Jesus and a woman of Samaria.

THE LIMITATION OF SECTARIANISM

"This episode has one of the loveliest settings in the New Testament. Jesus is alone, resting at a wayside well. His disciples have gone into a village for bread. While they are away a woman comes from the village, and, as she stops to draw water, Jesus asks her simply: 'GIVE ME TO DRINK.' The woman looks up, studies the stranger, and says with a smile that is somewhat scornful: 'You are a Jew. I am a Samaritan. How is it that you ask drink of me?'

"How proudly this Samaritan thus characterizes herself and the wayfarer at the well! Her words carry us back to the disruption years ago of Israel by political schism, when a new king was established in Samaria. After that came a religious schism, tearing her ancestors away from the ancient religion that had brought them out of bondage and given them a new land. These memories of old are in her words: 'You are a Jew and I am a Samaritan.'

"Then Jesus speaks. He starts with her limitations and seeks to set her free. 'If you knew the gift of God and who it is that speaks to you, you would not be troubled by questions of Jew or Samaritan.' But she didn't know. We never know the sources of life so long as we are detained by 'Jew or Samaritan,' politically, socially or religiously. No problem of life can be solved while we set ourselves apart from our fellows. If only we knew the meaning of life, how our thirst would be satisfied!

"The woman then makes the blunder that divided sectarianism always makes. She takes his saying literally. 'You cannot give me to drink. You have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' Then Jesus opens an avenue between her soul and himself and takes her into realms higher than her Samaritan mountains or Mt. Zion at Jerusalem, up to the hills of God.

THE FREEDOM WHICH CHRIST BRINGS

"When a soul is truly converted, there is no more question of Mount Gerizim or Mount Zion. If one walks with the Master, limitations of habit or conventionality disappear. God is a Spirit. He is not bounded or limited. Those who seek and find Him have the freedom of the wind that blows. He seeks not slaves, but sons, companions, stewards of His ministry. When we discover the barriers that keep us from the Master, we must destroy them that we may open the way straight to His heart. Thousands think that they have seen Jesus and yet have not. Many may claim to have cast out devils in His name, yet to them He must say: 'I do not know you.'

"How can Jesus accept us on any terms except

His own, who said: 'I, IF I BE LIFTED UP, WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME.' How can we find Him, if socially we are proud and aloof, if nationally we are proud and aloof, if ecclesiastically we are proud and aloof? We send up our prayers for the Russian Church, as though we ought not to send up prayers for all Russia, church or no church. How can we pray to God who is no respecter of persons in terms of those who respect persons? Only as we pray in the spirit of Jesus can God accept our prayer. Any other prayer is mockery. Where God is concerned, there can be no ecclesiastical aloofness. Woe be to us when we interfere with the gospel of the Master!

"God is a Spirit, not a body, not a dogma, not a church, a convention, a regulation, a code. God gives freedom to the newly awakened soul. What does Jesus think of a church that holds itself apart from the freedom that He died to give the world? One grows weary of shams, of bowing down to an idol in the name of Him who is the spirit of the infinite God whose glory was visible in the beautiful face of Jesus.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH

"How gently the Master leads us by experience into a realization of His way and will! It should not be hard for us in America to understand the teaching of Jesus that the Father is soul, not body. Our commonwealth began with an assertion of the freedom of man against the tyranny of things. With all our faults, our nation will hold high place so long as she acknowledges this truth that the Master taught. The impulse of the soul of Jesus inspired Washington and Franklin. That spirit can be traced in our document of independence of titled tyranny that would cage the powers of the soul and hold them back from their destined flight.

"The spirit of Jesus is ours when we realize that God is above all our images and notions regarding Him. He is a Spirit. We are spiritual when we are simple, genuine, released, alive, spontaneous, no longer guided or controlled by the specter of the world's opinion.

"A great genius born in Tarsus, who spoke after Jesus, wrote thus: 'THE SPIRIT HIMSELF BEARETH WITNESS WITH OUR SPIRIT, THAT WE ARE CHILDREN OF GOD.' Let us put this another way: 'God, a Spirit, bears witness with man, a spirit, that God is a Father and man is His son.'

"Only as spirits can we say: 'THY KINGDOM COME. THY WILL BE DONE.' At this moment, God is listening to a multitude of voices of souls released and impatient of the shams of the world who pray: 'Give us the freedom our Master promised when He said that the Father seeketh souls to worship Him in spirit and in truth.'"—*Rev. Robert Norwood, D.D., in Boston Transcript.*

SPRING

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the a
Which dwells with all things fair—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rai
Is with us once again.
Out in the lonely woods the jasmine bur
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowe
As if they dreamed of flowers.
In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth,
And near the snowdrop's tender white and gre
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows must needs pa
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored Sou
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.
Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet!

—*Henry Timrod.*

LIVE THE GOLDEN RULE

ONCE convince boys and girls and men a
women that if they are not straight and squa
and honest, if they are not reasonably unselfi
and inclined to follow the great precept of t
Golden Rule, they cannot possibly be happy, a
you will accomplish about all that really is nec
sary in the way of religious teaching.

Virtually every evil that the churches ha
been formed to combat, straightway and au
matically would be eliminated if this one f
could be introduced in the form of real convicti
into every human mind.—*Thomas Edison.*

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, London, England,
masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, co
menced in the year 1675 and completed in 17
cost £747,660. The cross on the dome is
feet above the ground level and the inner cup
is 218 feet above the floor. The bell, "Gr
Paul," in the southwest tower, weighs 17 to
To the south of the cathedral are remains of
chapter house and cloisters of "Old St. Paul'
destroyed by the fire of London in 1666.

BREAK for us the bread of life, Lord Chr
that we may be satisfied forevermore. Am

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Spinach with Bacon.—Fry six slices of bacon, retaining a tablespoonful of the fat in the pan, brown one-half cupful of mushrooms in the fat, add one tablespoonful of flour, one-half cupful of milk, salt and pepper with a dash of cayenne. Cook until smooth. Place one-fourth peck of hot, cooked spinach on a hot platter, place the bacon slices around the edge and pour over the mushroom sauce.

Chocolate Cookies.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, 1½ cups of flour, two-thirds teaspoon of soda, one-half cup of milk, 1½ squares of chocolate. Cream the butter and sugar, add beaten egg and mix well. Then add soda to flour, and alternate flour and milk, and finally add the chocolate. Drop from a spoon on a greased sheet and cook in a moderate oven. These are especially good with chocolate icing.

The new crop of dried fruit is now on the market and at its best. Dates, prunes, figs, apricots, and raisins all help to vary the fruit diet, as the supply of available fruits diminishes. Several of these are rich in iron and other valuable minerals—particularly prunes and raisins—and so may be wisely introduced into the menu as often as possible. Try this combination from the bureau of home economics: one-half pound of apricots, one-half pound of prunes, one cup of sugar, four cups of water. Wash the prunes and apricots thoroughly and put them in the water to soak overnight. Cook the fruit together for ten minutes, add the sugar, and simmer until the juice is fairly rich. Serve hot or cold.

Handy Hints

Rinse the hair in water to which a half a lemon has been added; it will remove all soap and give the hair new life.

Add a little borax to the rinsing water when thin garments and handkerchiefs are being laundered. It adds just enough stiffness to make them seem fresh and new when ironed.

Dried fruits, if chopped and mixed with the sugar and butter when making cakes, will not sink to the bottom of the cake when baked.

When the season advances and apples lose much of their flavor, add a bit of grated rind and some of the juice of a lemon to each apple pie.

An orange at night is as good as an apple a day, to keep the body functioning properly.

Preserved pineapple in cubes, lemon with a clove stuck in the quarter slice, adds much to the flavor of a cup of tea. Use loaf sugar to grate the flavor from well washed orange rind. Keep this well covered, and the flavor will be imparted to the tea.

ANNUALS

You have been given an ironclad list of annuals for the beginners. Let's consider some other annuals just a trifle more trouble. Heliotrope has been mentioned as needing a long time to make flowering plants, in fact your nurseryman always has such sturdy plants ready that it is best to buy those; mayflower verbenas, stocks, snapdragons, blue salvias, ageratum and wallflowers that he has already started and brought almost to blooming size by June 15 for you. If you love Pink Shirley poppies for ease of handling, sow those where you desire them to bloom, where they will brighten up a bed after your iris have gone.

Scabiosa should have been placed with the ironclad, it is so easy to handle and so lovely in bouquets and may be purchased in separate colors or mixed.

Verbenas take quite a long time before flowering, so many gardeners who like to bring them into early blooming sow them in seed boxes indoors in February or March, but do not let them dry out, for that is fatal.

Asters are usually started in March or April but must be kept growing without a setback, for once they receive a check they are apt to blight. Often fine aster plants may be purchased by the quantity in flats, in markets or from nurserymen, or you may at this time order such plants as asters, stock, verbenas, antirrhinum (snapdragons), ageratum, salpiglossis and wallflowers started for your annual border.

Some annuals cannot be relied on always for all summer growth, because a very hot summer affects them disastrously; namely, some annual larkspurs, wallflowers and nemesias.

A wet summer affects asters sometimes, and also antirrhinum or snapdragons; humidity also affects plants like nemophila in the same way that lettuce is affected, but we usually plant all these and all the ironclads with the hope that somehow weather conditions will carry them through, and it is this spirit of optimism that makes all garden lovers kin. There is no such word as fail in our make-up; rather we feel we grow by our few failures and each season we try again, determined on success.—*Mary F. Colburn* (Worker Massachusetts Committee Better Homes in America).

QUITE SO, QUITE SO!

"Just where did the automobile hit you?" asked the magistrate.

"Wel-l-l," said the injured young lady, "if I had been wearing a license-plate, it would have been pretty badly damaged."—*Credited to "Exchange" by the Boston Transcript.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. E. D. Tyson, P. O. Box 222, Ansonville, N. C., writes that she has not heard from any of her *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. She would greatly appreciate good reading for herself, also patchwork. She has six children; one is a crippled lad, 15 years old. Anything to amuse him would be nice.

2. Carrie Rice, 623 Lake Street, Waupaca, Wis., writes that she will be 68 years old on the 15th of May. She would like a big party. Crochet cotton, Nos. 20, 30, 40, or 50, or white linen thread, and peppermint creams would make her birthday quite happy. She is an invalid.

3. Mrs. Lola Ellen, Grant, Va., has two small children to care for. Her right limb has been cut off at the hip, and her husband has deserted her. Reading and sewing material would help to brighten her sad life.

4. "I would greatly appreciate something to read and some quilt pieces," writes Mrs. J. R. Overton, Manchester, N. C.

5. I am writing to ask for reading and pieces to make quilts. I am a young woman, have two little baby girls, one three years old, the other ten months old. I would like some cards for them to look at. Mrs. Emma Davis, Tolar, Texas, R. 2.

6. Mrs. Bob Holland, R. F. D. 2, Decatur, Tenn., has two stepdaughters, 17 and 19 years of age, also two boys, 9 and 11, who enjoy stories. She is almost a shut-in herself, and says her only pleasure is reading. She would be very glad to receive any reading at any convenient time.

7. We have three small children, and my husband's father and mother live with us. They are both almost invalids. I would love some quilt pieces and embroidery work to help pass the lonely hours. My nearest neighbor is over two miles away. Mrs. Rose Williams, Scotland, Ark.

8. I am a married woman with three children, two girls, 13 and 7, and one boy 11. I would appreciate books for myself and children; also scraps for patchwork and embroidery thread. I would appreciate any kind of cheer the dear friends would send. Mrs. Blanche Mikel, Rugby, Va.

9. Mary Kate Sale of Ronda, N. C., a young girl, 13 years old, writes that her two grandaddies live with her folks. They are 89 and 9 years of age. She has just one brother, and they both would love some reading material. Her mother would like some magazines with fancy work in them.

10. Miss Benson Womack, R. 4, Decatur, Tenn., would like to have some magazines and quilt scraps. She is 18 years old and lives with her grandma and grandpa, who are old.

11. It has been over a year since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and I get so lonely. I surely would appreciate any reading or sewing material, or just anything to help pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Emma Plowman, R. 1, Rockwell, N. C.

12. I am a young married woman with one child, nineteen months old. I would appreciate very much some quilt scraps, magazines, or embroidery thread. Mrs. Grace Blevins, Brandon, N. C.

13. Mrs. Mary Francis, Green Cove, Va., writes that her "bedding is very slim," so would appreciate quilt scraps, bits of yarn and embroidery floss.

14. I am the mother of three children, two boys, ages 9 and 12, and a little girl, 4. I would be very pleased to receive reading matter for them, as they all enjoy reading and being read to. If not asking for too much, I would like the *Modern Priscilla* or *Delineator*, and my husband would like the *National Geographic* or *American Magazine*. Mrs. J. R. McFarland, R. R. 1, Mountain Park, Okla.

15. It has been a long time since I have written, but perhaps some remember me. I get very lonesome, and would like some magazines and books, especially the *Saturday Evening Post*. I would be glad of some quilt pieces and thread. Mrs. Jno. Goodwin, Pleasant View, Va.

16. I come as an old member of the *Cheerful Letter*, asking for cheer in a time of need, in the way of books for myself and four children, ages 14, 11, 9, and 5. My husband was called from his home on December 29, and murdered, shot three times and died at the hospital the next night. I'm so nervous, it was a great shock and scare; and now I have to give up my home and move at this time of the year to try to farm, with a crippled boy, 14 years old. I would be so glad to receive any books or pictures for the children and scraps for myself. Mrs. Jesse C. Broadaway, R. 3, Polkton, N. C.

17. My two sisters and myself live together. We are not able to do hard work. We would be glad if someone would send us a few quilt scraps and magazines. Miss Frankie Sullins, Silas Creek, N. C.

18. I would be glad of cheer in any way; quilt pieces would be appreciated, or story books for my boy, 7 years old. Mrs. Manda Dula, Lansing, N. C.

19. Mrs. Mammie Griffin, 819 Cabell Street, Lynchburg, Va., is a widow of 45, now living with her daughter. She would enjoy some books, magazines, sewing material and quilt scraps; also some reading for her granddaughter, 10 years old.

20. I am a poor colored widow woman. I am all alone and would feel so thankful to get a letter to cheer me, or any kind of reading, and a few quilt pieces or bits of thread. I used to go out and do washing and scrubbing for white people, and could earn something that way, but am aged now and can't do as I used to. Mrs. Clara Ingram, Ansonville, N. C.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. H. C. Phillips, from Amherst, Va., R. F. D. 3, Box 71, to 517 N. Allegheny Ave., Covington, Va.

Mrs. Bertha Williams, from Scotland, Ark., to Archey, Ark.

COME FORTH

COME forth, come forth! it were a sin
To stay at home today!
Stay no more loitering within,
Come to the woods away!

The long green grass is filled with flowers,
The clover's deep dim red
Is brighten'd with the morning showers,
That on the winds have fled.

Scatter'd about the deep blue sky,
In white and flying clouds,
Some bright brief rains are all that lie
Within those snowy shrouds.

Now, look!—our weather-glass is spread—
The pimpernel, whose flower
Closes its leaves of spotted red
Against a rainy hour.

That first pale green is on the trees;
That verdure more like bloom;
Yon elm-bough hath a horde of bees,
Lured by the faint perfume.

The cherry orchard flings on high
Its branches, whence are strown
Blossoms like snow, but with an eye
Dark, maiden, as thine own!
—*John Wilson, in "Noctes Ambrosianae."*

ALL EXPLAINED

NEW ICEMAN: "Say, what do you think? The guy in that house threw me out because I tried to kiss the cook this morning."

Milkman: "I think the lady of that house does her own cooking."—*New Goblin.*

Now tendrils curl and earth bursts forth anew.
Now shepherd's pipe and fleecy flocks are gay,
Now sailors sail, and Bacchus gets his due,
Now wild birds chirp and bees their toil pursue,
Sing, poet, thou—and sing thy best for May.

MONEYS OF MANY LANDS

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE United States has settled down to the use of the small size paper money so completely that the occasional large bill that is encountered seems awkward. One more chapter has been written in the long story of money.

Man has used money in some form since the dawn of civilization. Fishhooks and slave girls, beads, hawks and hounds, all have served as a medium of exchange. Early Virginians bought wives with tobacco. Once, it is said, Mexican Indians used cacao beans, until aboriginal crooks began making clay counterfeits, baked and varnished to look like the real.

The study of money, as an instrument of trade through the ages, involves art, heraldry, and mythology; it leads to economics and politics —and far into history. When kingdoms rose, often new moneys rose with them; and, when they fell, their moneys passed away. Nothing shakes a government like the depreciation of its money. The very progress of civilization itself may be largely measured by the pace at which the various moneys of the world have been standardized and accepted by international commerce. It was, to a large degree, the quest for gold and silver, and their use in coined money, which led to the exploration and settlement of America, Australia, and South Africa.

The metal-disk money of the West was born in Lydia, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, about 2,600 years ago.

Cowrie, the lowly shell money of the antipodes, has through the ages been the most widely circulated rival of the metal disk; but its day of dominance has departed. Only isolated communities still cling to it as money. Yet cowrie can boast that more people have used it than have clinked the metal disks in all their varieties. It has served a greater number of human beings as a medium of exchange than any other money devised by man.

CHINA'S METAL COINS

The cash of China, coins with holes in them, still dominate the marts of many men in a considerable corner of the Asiatic world. There exist inscribed cash pieces attributed to 1115–1079 B. C. and similar pieces, uninscribed, believed to be earlier.

The tao, also of China, was one of the first metal coins in the world. The word means "knife" or "sharped-edged instrument," hence the name was applied to the razor-shaped coins of old China.

The earliest Chinese metal coins are believed to have been miniature spades, uninscribed and without perforation and with open shank for inserting a handle. Some authorities place them earlier than 2000 B. C.

Convenience for carrying is accepted as accounting for the introduction and long use of perforated coins by China and its neighbors. From earliest times a string has been the poor man's pocketbook.

There have been many unique moneys in different countries. Nails were once so precious that they were used as money in Scotland and in New England in pre-revolution days. And while the mark was skidding to zero after the World War, postmasters in remote parts of Germany used shoe nails for small-change purposes—they had a fixed utility value.

Bars of crystal salt are money in many parts of Ethiopia. This medium of exchange, however, suffers deterioration in a strange way. It has become a nice courtesy, when meeting a friend, to proffer a coin to be licked! So does the money lose weight through friendly hospitality, and it is to be hoped that the salt acts as a germicide!

The Island of Yap, of the Caroline group, neighbors in the remote way of the South Seas with the Philippines and New Guinea, undoubtedly boasts the strangest of money. It is of stone and the coins are sometimes 12 feet in diameter and weigh many hundreds of pounds!

WHEN CATTLE WERE MONEY

It is nearly 3,000 years back to the time of Homer, when there was no such thing in the Western world as money. People bartered in the markets, exchanging suckling goats for woven rugs. There were neither ducats nor dollars in which to price them, nor was there an established measure of value. The habit of haggling, still prevalent, may have come down from those ancient days of barter.

The idea of money was not yet born to that borderland of Europe and Asia that was then the West. The nearest approach to an article that would function as such was the milk-faced ox.

This animal possessed one prime requisite of money. It was generally recognized as a thing of value desired of all men. Money must primarily be something that every man wants, for which he will exchange any of his ordinary commodities, and the ox came nearer meeting this test 1000 B. C., in the triangle that was Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, than did any other element of wealth among the masses.

The peoples from which Western civilization sprang were pastoral folk, their wealth being represented in sheep and cattle. Gradually they came to measure other values by the unit of the herd, the ox. A little later armor was priced in oxen. A knight could buy a serviceable suit of armor for ten oxen, but one of choice workmanship would cost fifty.

The modern word "pecuniary," from pecus, cattle, has its place in our language because cattle were once money.

Sheep represented a lower monetary denomination. They were small change! Ten sheep equaled one ox.

After copper was mined in Cyprus and pots made of it, these utensils came to be used for money. Later conveniently shaped strips of copper replaced pots as a medium of exchange and later still these were of a definite weight. When shrewd traders debased the copper by mixing cheaper metals with it, or gave the pieces a short weight, it became necessary for the local government to step in, test the metal, and certify to its value by a stamp. Thus the modern idea of metal money of value was born.

When copper became plentiful and therefore cheap, it was too bulky to serve as the principal money. Silver displaced it and ruled the money world for 2,000 years. In time the same thing happened with silver that had happened with copper. It became too bulky to figure in large transactions. Gold, which had always been in the background as money, was brought forward to become the standard money metal.

Token Coinage and Paper Money

Metal money did not remain wholly a matter of intrinsic value. It was discovered almost by accident that a strong government could take a piece of metal of relatively low value, stamp a higher value on it, and have it accepted in trade as though it were truly worth the stamped amount. Thus token coinage, or undervalue money, came into existence, marking another important step in money's evolution. It was partly real value and partly value based on trust in the issuing agency. In the United States all of our small silver, nickel and copper coins are tokens. None of them will melt down into metal of as great value as the denomination stamped on it.

Paper money may be looked upon as token money carried to its final extreme. A piece of it has no value at all in itself; the value depends wholly on a promise printed on it. But although the idea of paper money might be expected to have developed easily from token money, no one in the West seems to have considered the matter feasible until more than a thousand years after token coins appeared.—*Clipped.*

CLIFF DWELLINGS, IN ANTIBES

Antibes on the French Riviera is so old—so very old that it dates back four or five centuries before our era. The tourist rushing through in a car gives it a casual, interested glance, but writers and artists love to linger there, absorbing its atmosphere of by-gone prosperity and romance and delighting in its fruits and flowers.

A. C. Webb, in search of adventure and subjects for etching, set forth from Paris in his car and went vagabonding in southern France. Attracted by the beautiful environment of Antibes, he decided to remain there for a while and secured living quarters for himself some ten miles inland in a tiny hill town in the French Alps. Every day he would drive down to the little town to sketch and bathe and eat his luncheon on the beach. When he had become well acquainted with Antibes—its history-romance, and its buildings—he set to work on his copper plates and produced a number of fine etchings. He spent much time in the selection of his subjects and then worked directly on the plate. Having been trained for an architect, he handles his etching needle with assurance and ease. The material for "Cliff Dwellers, Antibes" was found high on a hill, the houses with great foundations rising from the rocks. These ancient dwellings, built one by one, close to each other, zigzag in slightly varying directions and are so old that they seem to lean upon each other for support. Their time-worn surfaces are broken occasionally by windows on a balcony. Winding steps, much out of repair, are the only means to investigate more closely these houses.—*Selected.*

SHADBUSH

When throbbing drums of Spring's parade
Are heard through forest, field and glade,
By plant and bush and tree;
Each snatches up her handiest wraps,
A cap or scarf or shawl perhaps,
And rushes out to see.

For Springtime passes with such haste
There is no precious time to waste
In choosing one's attire.
Then Maple grabs her gay red shawl,
She does not heed the swamp at all,
But splashes through the mire.

And small-boy, Brook, runs by and talks
To Willow, who beside him walks
And stoops to hear his glee.
And as she bends her lovely head,
To lose no word he may have said,
Her soft green veils float free.

But who is this in lacy cap
And snow-white gown, as from a nap
Awakened hastily?
My heart holds Shadbush in high place:
Such youthful, unselfconscious grace
Seems Spring's epitome.

—*Ada Frances Almy.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

Focal Infections Cause Many Diseases

"By focal infection is meant a collection of germs; that is, bacteria, which multiply and produce poisons at some point in the body. The poisons and even the bacteria are absorbed into the blood stream and lymphatic system, or penetrate the tissues, and exert a marked and harmful influence upon the whole body.

So-called rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago and practically all ailments of that kind have been found, in a large percentage of cases, to clear up after the removal of known areas of focal infection.

Where It Develops

The commonest sites for the development of focal infection are the roots of the teeth, tonsils, middle ear and cavities in the skull, communicating with the nasal passages. Less frequent sites are the reproductive organs, gall bladder, appendix, intestinal tract, diseased joints, and wounds of long standing, especially those involving bone.

Chronic changes in the heart, kidneys and blood-vessels are believed by many medical authorities to be largely the results of focal infection. High blood pressure or low blood pressure may be due to this cause. Analysis of the records of an unselected group of 16,000 men examined in 1921 by the Life Extension Institute showed a definitely higher ratio of high blood pressure cases among those with focal infection in the head.

Some forms of indigestion such as acid stomach and the more serious condition of ulcers in the stomach or the first part of the intestines may be due to areas of infection which are often located far from the region where the distress is felt. Skin eruptions, boils and abscesses sometimes occur as a result of focal infection.

Teeth

In a study of 20,000 unselected dental series made by the X-ray laboratory of the Life Extension Institute, 63 per cent showed root infection; 94 per cent on the Institute's advice took the films to their dentists; 78 per cent had extractions or treatment, or both; 63 per cent reported improvement in symptoms or general health within six months.

When any conditions such as rheumatism, kidney irritation, disturbances of blood pressure, or other lowered health state is present, the clearing up of mouth infection is most important, even though it may not be the sole cause of the trouble.

Tonsils

The tonsils are very frequently the site of focal infection. The lingual tonsil, or mass of lymphoid tissue at the root of the tongue, is often the site of infection quite as important as that affecting its neighbor, the faucial tonsil.

Needless to say, any focus of infection in the body is a serious menace to health. Focal infections are not at the root of all physical disabilities, but they are unquestionably at the root of a great deal of human misery and suffering. Unfortunately, chronic focal infection of mild degree may exist for years without calling attention to itself until serious damage is done. This is an additional argument in favor of a yearly health examination, for it is only in this way that every region of the body is thoroughly investigated and such conditions revealed.—*From Life Extension Institute, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York.*

Patients to Choose Food

Dr. J. G. William Grieff, Commissioner of Hospitals, New York City, recently has announced that the 20,000 patients of twenty-six hospitals will have a daily choice of three menus, and that fresh fruit and vegetables will be served throughout most of the year.

This selective method of feeding invalids has been tried for six months in several hospitals, patients ordering meals a day ahead, and the curative results have been proved, according to Dr. Grieff.

Ten new dietary departments are being constructed. "The new system is economical and will provide better food at the same per capita cost. The appropriation this year is $3,270,000 for foodstuffs, based on per capita allowance."

Model Foods of Wax Stir the Senses

At the International Live Stock Show of St. Louis, the Department of Agriculture displayed a handsome centerpiece of fruit about which were grouped dishes with varied cuts of meat, as a traveling food exhibit for county and state fairs, or other expositions. Few of the admiring throngs realize that the government does not employ a chef for daily preparation of the tempting food. So skillfully made and decorated are the wax models that they drive the crowds to the nearest hot dog stands.

Mrs. Margaret Russell Roller has been making these models for four years, and sets of dishes showing various cheese recipes and uses of milk in the diet for the Canadian Department of Agriculture. Thirty-four models of food in gram portions were made for the Diabetic Clinic of the University of Tennessee, and another group of forty-three for the Boston Dispensary. These sets save hours of time in hospitals, as, after being once examined and weighed, the portions remain for instruction purposes.

Mrs. Roller advocates the use of such articles as part of Home Economics and Applied Arts

Courses. Three materials are required: plaster of Paris of the fine grade used by dentists, beeswax mixed with Canada balsam as a toughening ingredient, and oil paints.

The cooked food must be placed on serving dishes and cooled before the mold may be started, sketches having been made showing the exact coloring while hot. Custards, eggs in various forms and desserts for serving in the same dishes in which they have been cooked may be cast in one-piece molds, but chops and standing roasts require molds of several pieces, up to seven in number. The entire process is most delicate, and the completed product is stippled in oil paint to produce a natural appearance. The shine of greasy foods such as roasts of meat is achieved by a coat of shellac diluted with alcohol.

LAURA R. DONNELL.

COMPANIONSHIP

MEN write themselves into their books,
Their inmost thoughts, their deeds, their looks,
And all the trends within them blent
Of birth and of environment.
The authors' very breathing selves
Hide in their volumes on my shelves,
Whence each will come at my request
To give me gladly of his best.

His book within my hand, I go
Along the winding Charles, and know
That in the house beyond the street
Longfellow dwells; a spirit sweet,
A gentle poet, gentle man
Who breathes upon the pipes of Pan
The matchless melodies that bring
The whole world to him listening.

Through Concord's meadows, broad and free,
Wise Emerson fares forth with me
To Thoreau's hut within the wood
Enshrined in a blest solitude.
With Shelley through the fields I stray
And hear the skylark's lilting lay;
My heart with Wordsworth's strangely thrills
In gazing on the daffodils.

—*Nixon Waterman, in "A Rose to the Living and Other Poems" (Chapple Publishing Company).*

WHEN words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain.—*Shakespeare.*

'TIS the mind that makes the body rich.—*Shakespeare.*

DRIVE thy business; let not thy business drive thee.—*Franklin.*

LIKE KITTEN TRYING TO CATCH ITS TAIL

BY JEAN NEWTON

"IT isn't what I do that harms me," said a woman who is known to be wearing herself out, "it's what I don't get done."

She's trying at one time to be a good wife and mother, to conduct a business, to keep up to the minute with everything that is being written or played, to be an up-to-the-minute dresser, and in addition to do almost as much socially as her sister who has nothing to do but entertain.

Unfortunate woman. For no matter how much she might "get done," there would always be something else that she would want to do.

It reminds me of an old Spanish proverb which says, "Women die for what is denied them."

That refers, of course, to women who spend their lives worrying over things they can't have, or in wanting everything that anyone else they know has.

Of course, no sensible woman would be guilty of that.

And yet many an otherwise sensible woman who knows better than to be a slave to having things, makes herself a slave of doing things. Witness, "It isn't what I do that wears me out, it's what I am unable to do."

It is sometimes difficult, in a world that moves as fast as ours, to keep a true perspective and sense of values. But just as we can't have everything, we can't do everything. We can't see everything and know everything and take part in everything that is going on. We have to pick and choose.

But how much better to fill one part well, gracefully, in content and happiness, than to try to play the parts of seven women in one, necessarily getting full satisfaction out of none of them and fully succeeding in none of them—only in wearing herself out as does a kitten who gets dizzy spinning around in a circle trying to catch up with her own tail.—*Selected.*

THE day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis He Who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

—*J. R. Miller.*

WHAT we see depends mainly on what we look for.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

MOTHERS

Our mothers have the sweetest smiles,
Their hands are lovely, too,
Perhaps not always soft and white,
But everything they do
Is done in such a lovely way:
Smoothing one's hair—one's cheek!
They sing and dust and mend and cook
And keep one sweet and neat.

Their voices have a pretty sound,
A sort of crooning song,
Like singing birds and running streams,
When bedtime comes along;
And as they tuck me closely in,
And say a lovely prayer,
One feels so safe and happy like—
They seem to bring God there!

—*L. D. Stearns.*

GETTING-UP TIME

By Mary Graham Bonner

"It's getting-up time," said Grandpa Frog. "The spring has come. Yes, it has.

"The creatures who have slept all winter are beginning to appear.

"But for those who would like to sleep still longer, I've no objection.

"It's not really hot summer as yet.

"In fact today has been so chilly that it is hard to believe that it is springtime."

"Suppose it turned out to be winter, after all?" asked a little frog.

"Why, yes," said another, "we may only have been having just little naps and not our good sleep at all."

"We're not so dreadfully sleepy," said another, "and if it were still the first part of the winter we'd be so very, very sleepy.

"So it's certainly not winter any more.

"And what is more we'd never even dream or think of waking up, or of leaving our nice beds of mud."

"Wise grandchild! Goog-a-room, goog-a-room," said Grandpa Frog. "You know," he continued, "that I have never made a mistake about the spring.

"There are all sorts of things which happen which make a fellow think that maybe the spring isn't coming after all—that we're going right over the winter once more.

"It's apt to do such strange, cold things again. But just the same, the spring always has its own way in the end.

"Once it starts to come, it comes, even though slowly. It always arrives in the end."

"Isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed the young frogs.

"To be sure it's wonderful," said Grandpa Frog. "Spring is fine! Spring is—well, it's spring!"

"You've said that several times, Grandpa," said one of the little frogs.

"Don't be rude to your grandpa," said Grandma Frog. "He can't help saying it many times.

"He is so pleased about it."

"That's right," said Grandpa. "I'm so pleased about it I'd like to sing a song about it."

And he began, but only frogs with their voices and their understanding of music (or their kind of music) would have enjoyed it.

This was the song:

"I'm a frog,
I'm a frog,
And I sit on a log.
I oft' have a surprise,
A bug or some flies.
They hop on my nose,
But not on my toes.
For a bug on the nose
In the mouth soon goes.
I soon must begin
To grow fat, not thin,
And now that spring's here,
I'll begin, never fear.
Goog-a-room,
Goog-a-room."

And all the little frogs decided they would join in the chorus of Grandpa Frog's croaking song.—*Clipped.*

MISS CARROT'S PUPILS CELEBRATE MAY DAY

"Come back here, Charles Corn, and wash your ears," said Mrs. Corn, when the Corn family were preparing to go to the schoolhouse on May Day. Charles grinned, showing all his pearly teeth, and not only washed his ears but brushed his silky hair and looked so fine that Miss Carrot made him an usher to help seat the parents.

A program had been prepared to honor the three policemen who had helped the vegetable children across the rows in bad weather—Mr. Cornelius Corn, who stalked around so importantly, Mr. Benjamin Beet, who had the best beat of all the police force, between the rows of "peas" and the "Qcumbers," and Mr. Patrick Potato, who had eyes in the back of his head.

Benches had been placed on the school grounds, and Grandma Cabbage, whose daughter had married a man from Brussels named Sprouts, sat on the front row holding the Brussels Sprouts twins on her fat lap.

First there was a recitation by four little Pepper girls with green parasols, who said:

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers, Peter Piper picked."

Next there was a drill with ten little Corn boys led by Charles Corn singing:

"One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian Corn Boys."

Next Tom Tomato in his elegant red pantaloons and Oscar Onion in his white suit played a duet on a "picklelo" and a tom-tom.

Then Tillie Turnip and Bennie Beet, with Rudolph and Rebecca Radish representing tops, did a beautiful spinning dance.

After this a number of children stood in a row and said these little rhymes:

"How very fine we Corn folk feel
When we are ground up into meal.

"We peppers give a bit of dash
When added to a bowl of hash.

"Cucumber folk are always tickled
When they're put in jars and pickled.

"We onions have more taste by far,
For folk all say how strong we are.

"We never have to wear galoshes
Because we all are summer squashes."

Then all the vegetable children joined in weaving a lovely Maypole dance and the two school trustees, Professor Peanut and Papa Popcorn, were so proud of them that they treated the whole crowd to refreshments.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

OLD COUNTRY CUSTOMS

BUTTERCUPS have this value for little children: they can be used to prove that a child likes butter. The way is to hold the flower close up to the child's chin, so that the yellow reflection from it may shine on the delicate skin. Incidentally, the chin looks very pretty—as I lately saw when two youngsters in the road were putting this very matter to the test; but of course the main thing is to discover if you like butter. In my own case I never heard that there was any doubt at all on that point. . . .

"Broad buttercups," whether good for this or not, had special values of their own, besides that they could be gathered plentifully into big nosegays and lasted well in a basin of water, bringing juicy spring and sunshine into the sitting-room. For one thing the rich flowers and leaves, mingled with pale mauve "milkmaids," could be used in the following way: between two pieces of glass (the squarer the better) you pressed a little arrangement of flowers. Then round the double thickness of glass you folded brown paper. Fastened on one side of the glass—perhaps gummed—the paper formed a background for the flowers within; left loose, in a flap, on the other side, it could be opened like the cover of a book to show the buttercups and milkmaids flattened between the two pieces of glass, and then you said "A pin to see the peepshow." Whether you ever got even so much as a pin I do not know. Undoubtedly tokens of affection were got; for my memories of that little childish display seem delicious as the colors and the fresh juiciness of the crushed flowers.

But the chief value, after all, of broad-buttercups and milkmaids was for making garlands for May Day. Not that any of us Sturts ever carried garlands. . . . For on May Morning (a school holiday) little troops and families of cottage children, gay as the spring, carried round to all houses their posies tied to sticks, their careful wreaths and crosses made of milkmaids and buttercups, probably mingled with daisies and wallflowers and maybe blue-bells: and the children collected half-pennies, singing their ditty:

"The first of May is Garland Day,
So please remember the Garlands."

—*George Sturt, in "A Small Boy in the Sixties."*

LULLABY

Go to sleep, my little one,
Go to sleep, my dear,
For God is always with you
And you have naught to fear.
The stars above will love you,
The wind is your best friend,
So go to sleep, my darling,
All-good is without end.

—*Louise Comes Reeve.*

ODD RAINFALLS

GOLDEN rain, yellow rain and "showers of sulphur" occur now and then. A shower of this sort sent scores of frightened peasants into the churches Luxembourg a few years ago, as they feared that it forboded punishment for the numerous sins which, doubtless, they had on their consciences. These yellow rains are due to the presence in the upper air of large quantities of the pollen of certain pines and fir trees.

EMPTY HANDS OUTSTRETCHED

We raise them, Lord, to Thee in earnest prayer,
These hands so empty of a sacrifice,
And Thou dost fill them once again in love—
So patient art Thou. Help us, Lord, to see
The value of the living gift from Thee.
That gift that feeds the soul with bread and wine—
Of life eternal in Thine hands stretched out
So freely to all men. Help us to take
What Thou wouldst give—gratefully to use it
With understanding heart—and thus to grow
In grace worthy a kinship unto Thee.

And so, dear Lord, we come to Thee,
In faith that Thou wilt fill
Our empty hands outstretched—O God,
Be patient with us still!

Gertrude B. Walker.

AT DAWNING

My window frames a glorious sight
As sunrise gilds the sky;
And o'er my sill the sun so bright
Comes streaming bye and bye.
Now all its beams are golden beams
With power to scatter gloom;
My world is filled with wealth, it seems,
When sunshine floods my room.
When love and truth break forth as light
And dawn upon my mind,
My body fills with health and might;
Joy's everywhere!—I find.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

—Whittier.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, *Chairman*

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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